ADVENTURE TIME
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THE WITCH'S GARDEN
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Adventure Time

The Witch's Garden

ChirpyBird

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The Witch's Garden

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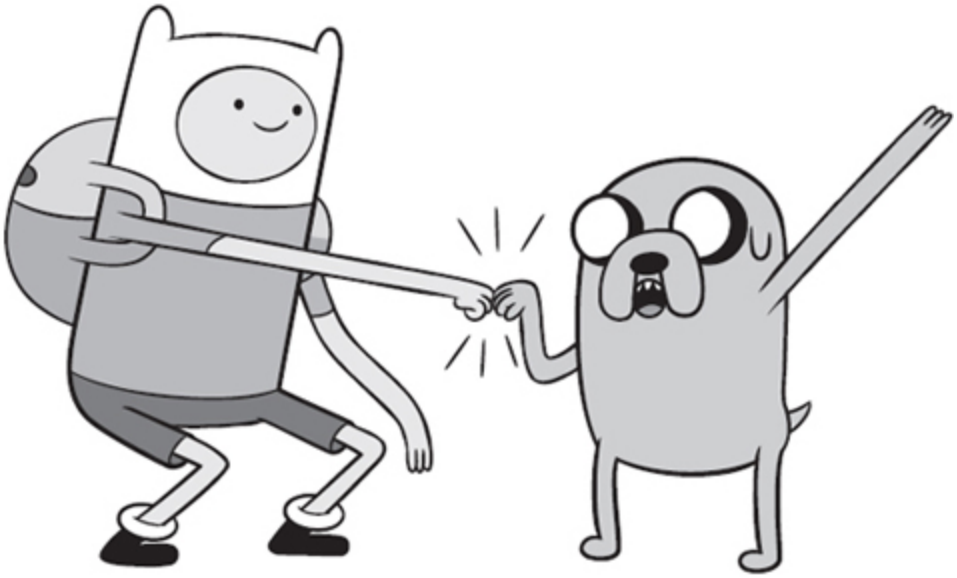
Retold by Sheila Sweeny Higginson
Based on Episode #7,
'The Witch's Garden',
by Merriwether Williams and Tim McKeon

ChirpyBird

Citizens of Ooo

Here are some of the characters
you'll meet in this story:



Finn

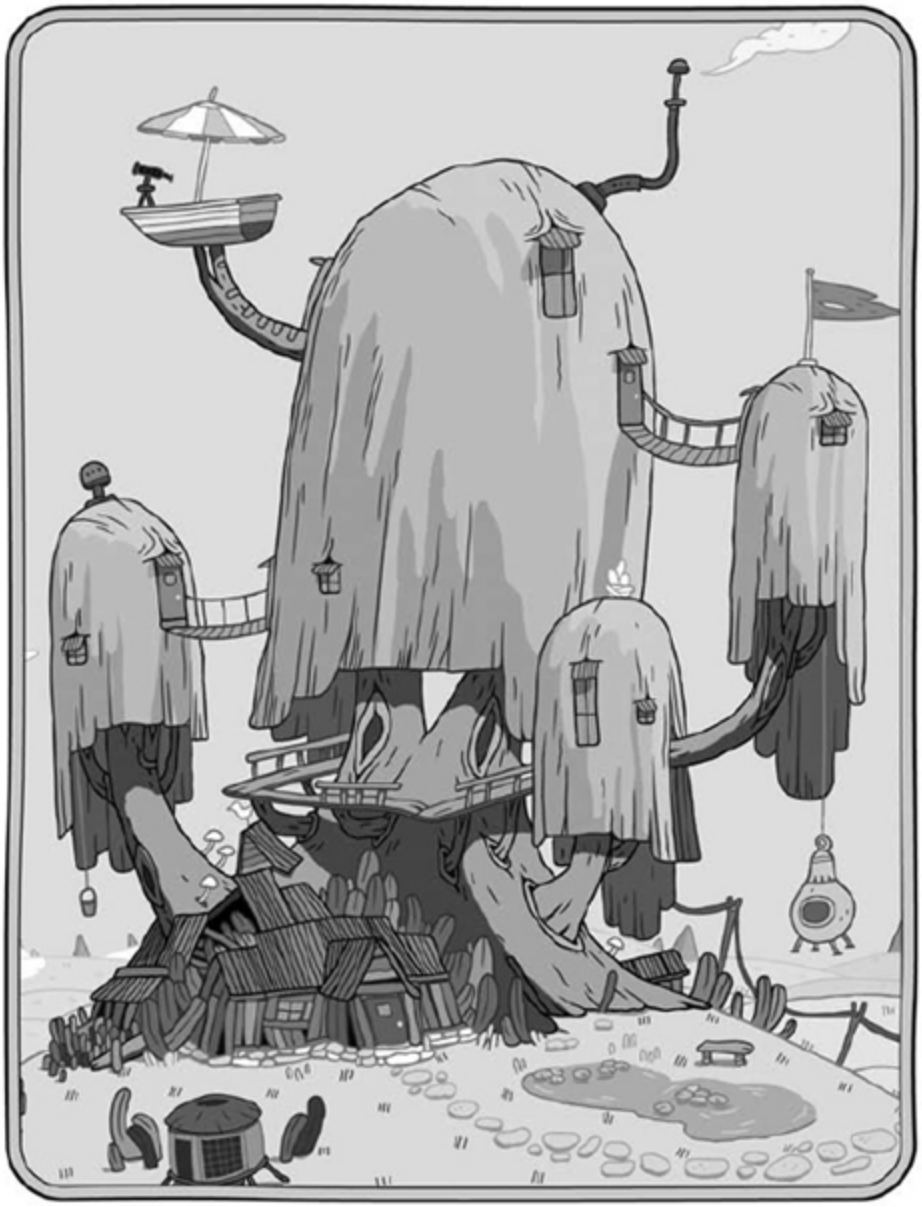
Jake

Witch

Mermaid Queen

The Hatchlings

Finn and Jake's Treehouse



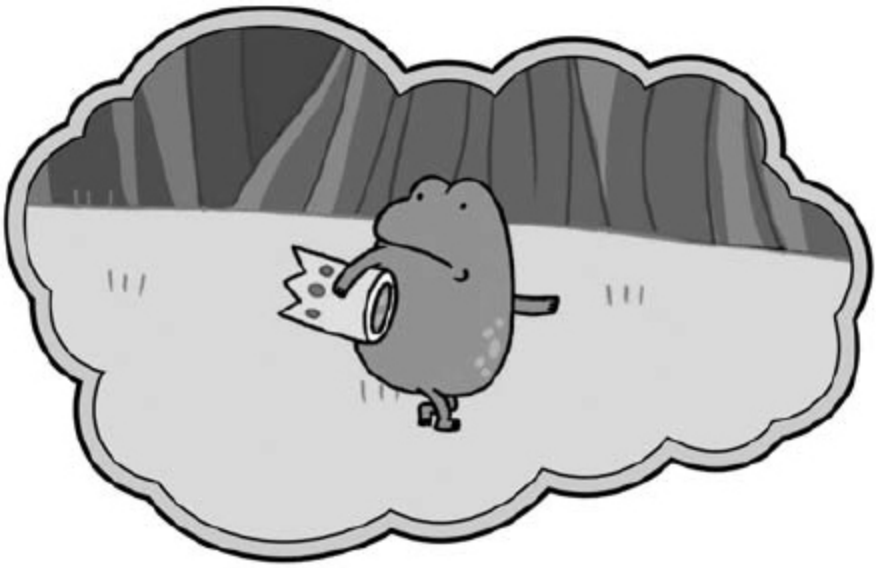
It’s Doughnut Time!

The little green frog tiptoed through the grass. He held a teensy golden crown under one arm, and he turned his head from side to side, looking to make sure that no one was following him.

It was amazing that the frog didn’t see Finn and Jake. They were following him closely, trying to be sneaky but standing out like only a magical dog and an adventurous boy wearing an awesome hat could.

‘Dude,’ Jake said. ‘How long are we going to follow this frog?’

‘I just want to see him put on that crown,’ Finn replied.

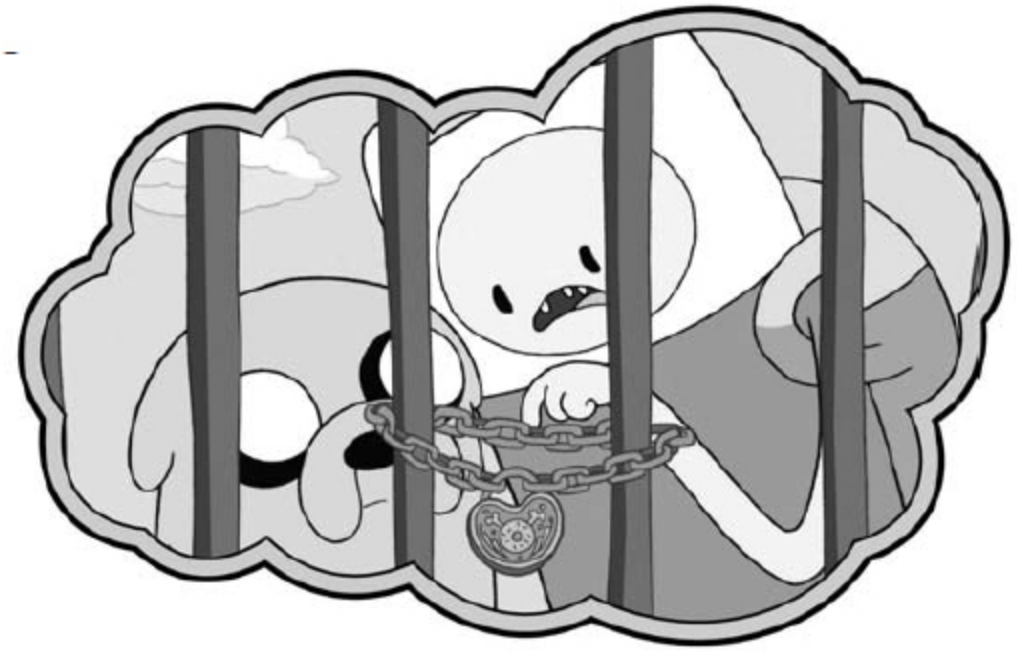


The frog walked through the iron bars of a gated door. Finn and Jake were definitely not going to get through the gate as easily as the frog. But they could get a good look at what was beyond the iron bars. So they did.

'WOW!' they called out in unison.

'It looks cool in there!' said Jake.

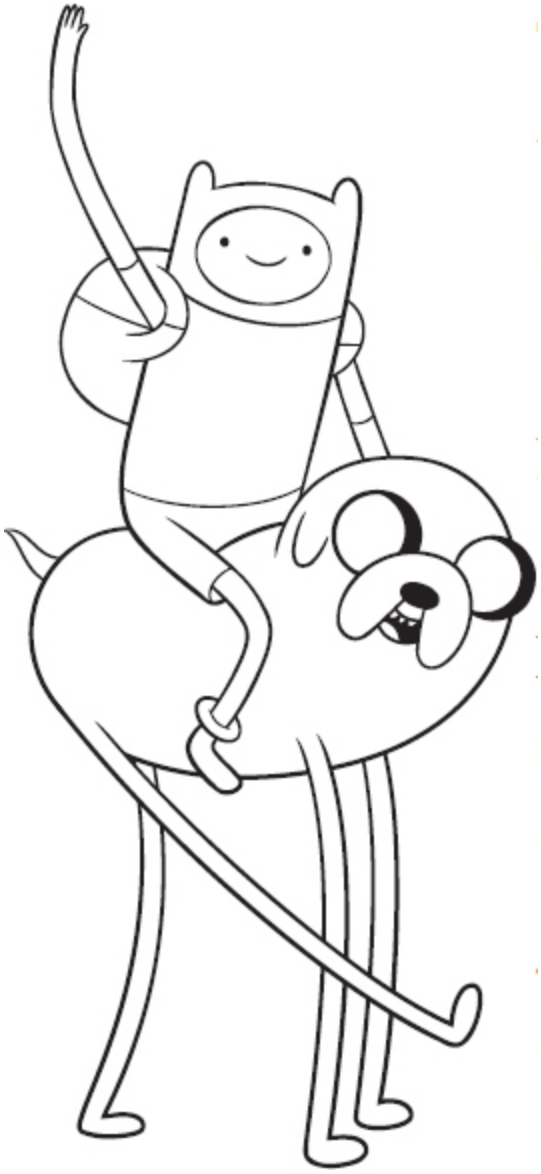
'Too bad we don't have the key to this,' Finn said, pointing to the lock that held the gate closed.



'What are you talking about?' asked Jake. 'I've got two keys right here.'

Jake pointed to his legs. His magical ability allowed him to shape-shift in all sorts of awesome ways. Jake stretched his legs out to remind his best buddy of his incredible powers.

Finn hopped on Jake's back and held on tightly. Jake's legs stretched up like stilts. Then he jumped over the hedged wall that surrounded the gate.



'Woo hoo!' Finn yelled in excitement.

'Wow, look at this place!' Jake gasped, standing in the middle of the most amazing garden he had ever seen.

It wasn't just that the garden was packed hedge wall to hedge wall with the most beautiful trees and colourful flowers. Oh, no! Finn and Jake were hardly impressed by that. What made this garden super awesome was all the delicious desserts that were growing in it.

The colourful flowers weren't flowers at all. They were frosted cupcakes sprouting from each green stem! It seemed as if they came in

every flavour imaginable, too!

‘Jake, are these doughnuts?’ Finn asked as he wandered over to a tree.

‘They look like doughnuts,’ Jake answered.

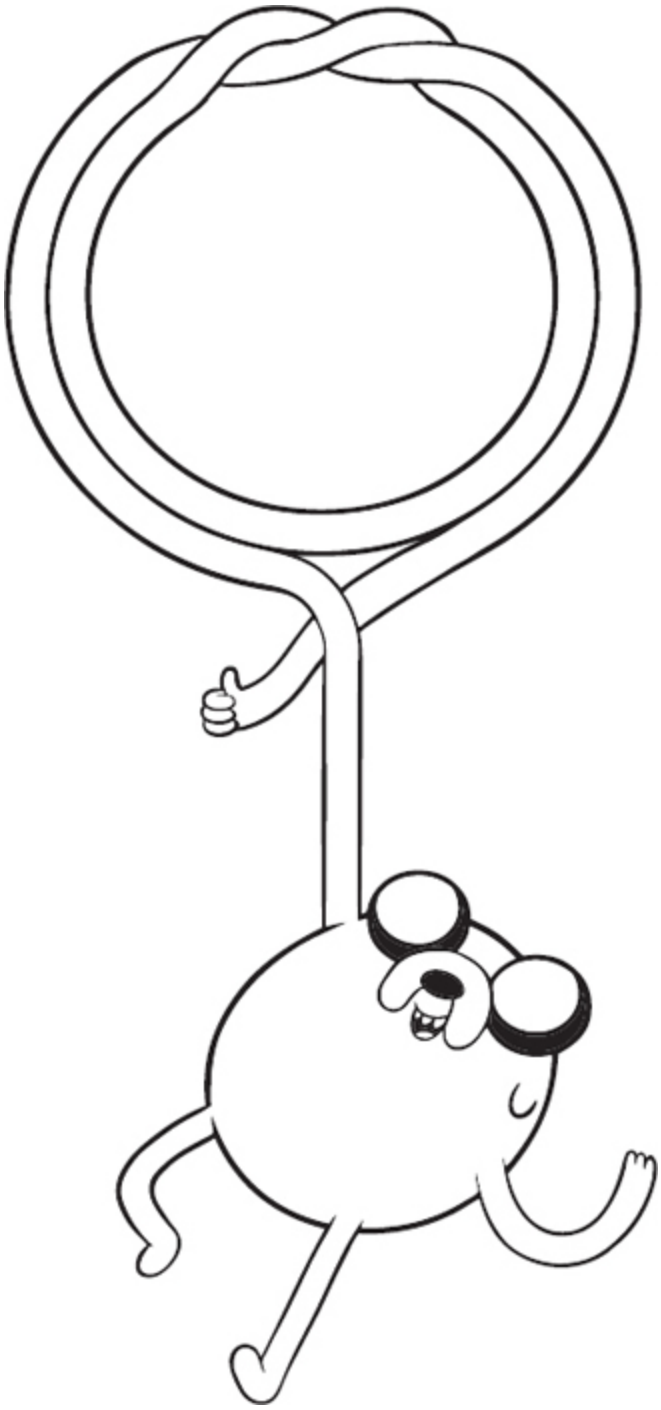
‘But maybe they’re poisonous doughnuts!’ Finn yelled, taking a closer look at the tree’s frosted fruit.

Jake stepped up and used his best canine sense to take a whiff of one of the doughnuts.

‘Yeah, sniff it, Jake!’ Finn cheered. ‘Suck up those toxins!’

‘Wait a second,’ Jake said as he stopped sniffing. ‘I don’t know what poison smells like.’

Finn was about to respond when he heard the sound of footsteps behind him. He turned around and was startled to see a witch. She didn’t seem very happy to have two intruders in her garden. It looked like the adventurers had got themselves stuck in a sweet mess of trouble!



The Spell’s on You

‘Razzamafoo!’ the witch commanded.

She raised her magic wand, and, in a flash, she changed places with Finn and Jake.

‘Hey!’ Jake protested.

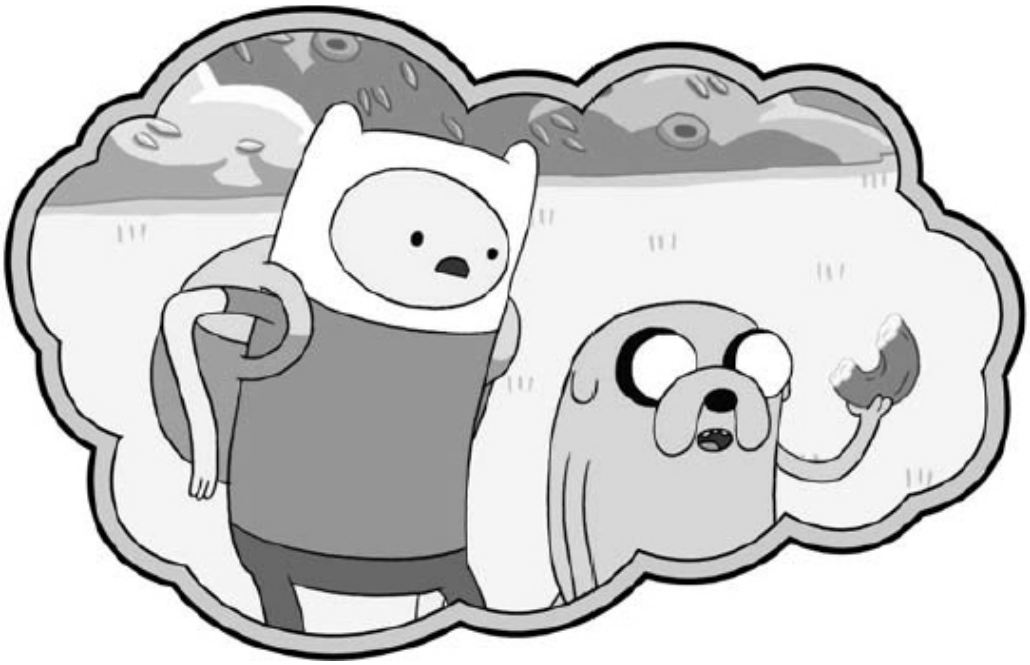
‘What gives?’ Finn asked, annoyed.

‘You ate one of my doughnuts!’ the witch said accusingly, pointing a finger at Jake.

‘No, I didn’t,’ Jake replied. ‘I just sniffed it.’

The witch didn’t believe Jake. His answer appeared to send shivers down her crooked spine. Her hair came alive, each tendril stretching through the air like a writhing snake.

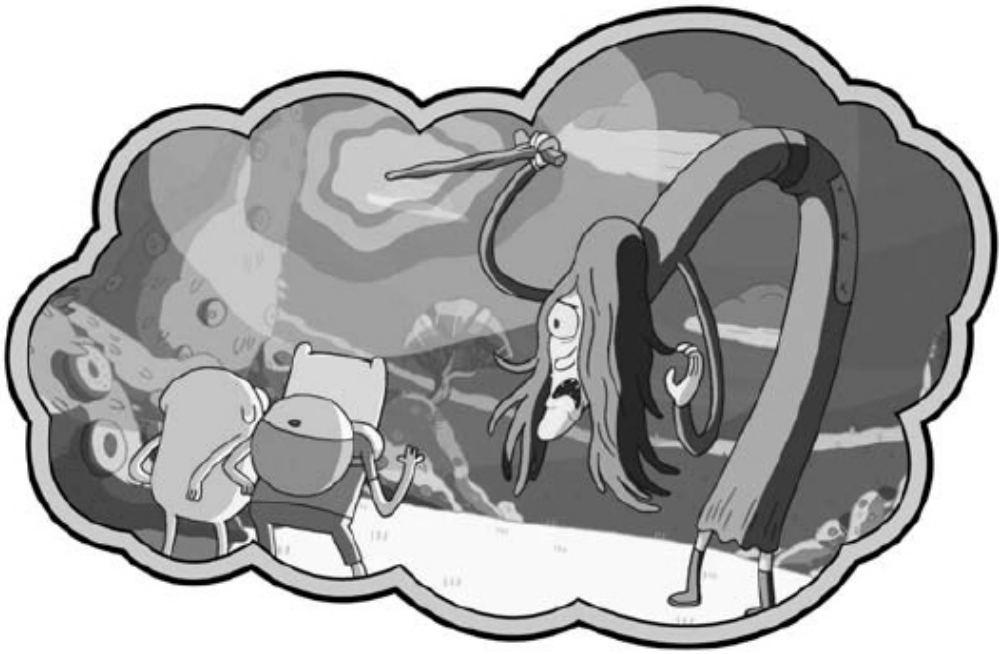
‘You’re lying!’ she wailed. ‘The stink of magic dog lips is everywhere!’
‘Holy slug, lady,’ said Finn. ‘Calm down.’
‘Listen, Mrs Witch…’ Jake began.
‘I never married,’ the witch corrected.
‘Well, I never ate your doughnuts,’ Jake replied.
‘You…you…you’re eating one right now!’ said the witch.
‘Mmm…am not!’ Jake mumbled, his mouth full of doughnut crumbs.
Jake looked down and noticed the half a doughnut in his hand.



‘Whoa!’ he chuckled. ‘That’s weird. I don’t even remember grabbing this. My subconscious must be hungry, huh? Whatever.’

Jake stuffed the rest of the doughnut into his mouth and savoured its chewy deliciousness. And that’s when the witch really freaked out.

‘Magicus no moricus!’ she cried.

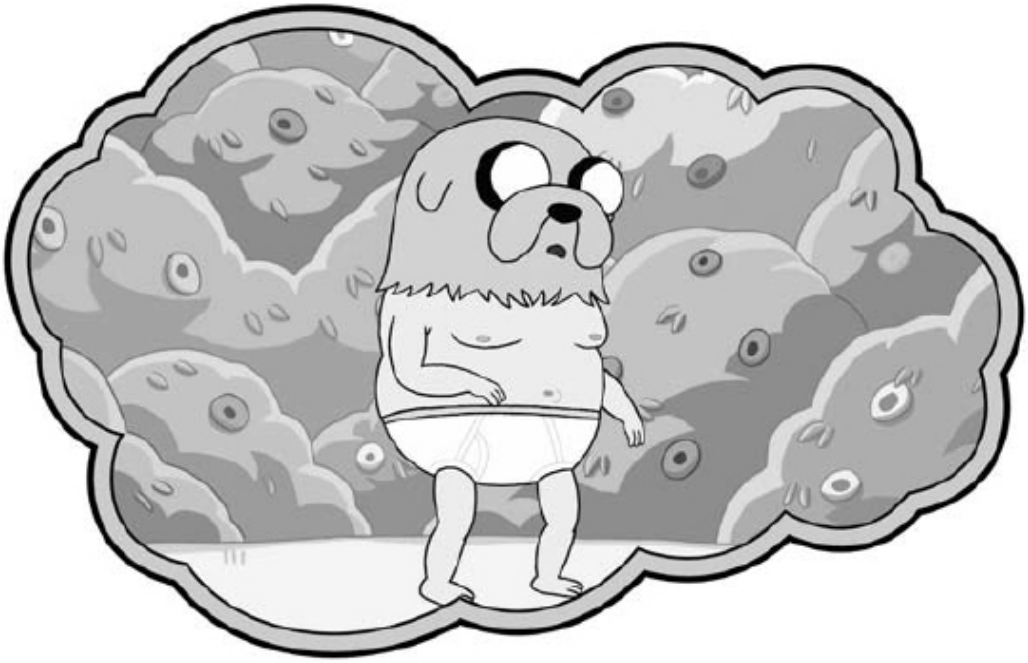


The sky turned dark, and a blast of the witch's magic headed toward Jake. His body was engulfed in a cloud of enchanted smoke.

'Uh, oh!' Jake sighed.

'Dude, are you okay?' Finn asked, concerned that his best buddy seemed to be choking from the smoke.

'Yeah, I think so,' Jake replied. 'Just a little chilly.'



A gust of wind blew by, clearing the magic smoke. It revealed the reason that Jake was feeling cold. He had lost all of his body fur! In fact, he had totally lost his dog body. Jake now had a human body that was covered only with a pair of tighty whities.

‘Whoa!’ Jake gasped.

The witch laughed when she saw Jake in his new underwear. Magic could be so much fun sometimes!

‘What did she do to you?’ Finn wondered aloud.

‘I stripped him of his magical powers,’ laughed the witch.

‘For stealing one of your billions of doughnuts?’ asked Finn.

‘Yeah, it’s not like I killed your husband or something,’ Jake protested, clearly annoyed that the punishment did not seem to fit the crime.

‘I am NOT married!’ the witch growled.

‘The point is, you overreacted,’ Finn continued.

‘The only way I’ll give back your powers is if you admit your error and say you’re sorry, and mean it,’ said the witch. ‘I can tell the difference.’

‘Well, you can forget that because you’re the one who’s wrong. Right?’ answered Jake.

‘Total support, dude,’ said Finn.

The witch began to wave her wand again. Jake should have looked worried, but he did not.

she commanded.

‘Aw, now you’re just making these up,’ Finn whined.

Just then, more enchanted smoke filled the air, covering both Jake and Finn. When it dispersed, the witch was the only one left standing in the garden.

‘Are you all right, my doughnut pretties?’ she asked as she tenderly caressed one of the wheel-shaped baked goods.

The witch noticed that the colour and texture of the doughnut just didn’t seem right. She leaned in closer to get a better look.

‘Wait a second,’ she murmured.‘You’re a bagel!’

The witch clenched her fist and shook it at the spot where Jake and Finn had once stood. Puffs of enchanted smoke filled the air once again.

‘Liars!’ she raged. ‘Liars everywhere!’

Magic Memories

Back at their treehouse, Finn tried to think of a plan to help his friend.

‘There’s got to be a way to get your powers back,’ Finn said to Jake while pacing back and forth. ‘Where’d they come from anyway? Were you born with them? Or did you have a FREAK INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENT?’

Jake chuckled at the thought.

‘That takes me back,’ he said. ‘Let me just remember…’

Jake squeezed his head between his hands as he tried to recall a time from his younger days.

‘I see a memory,’ he began. ‘When I was just a pupster. I’m rolling around in a mud puddle. And I’m just loving it.’

The memory faded from Jake's mind in a flash.

'Oh, no!' Jake cried. 'Remembering is hard work.'

'What happened next?' asked Finn.

Jake grunted and panted and huffed and puffed. It looked like it was going to take every ounce of his brainpower to remember any more.

'Oh, um, I went into the mud, and I guess I became a magic dog,' he said matter-of-factly.

'Okay,' Finn replied, 'then our course is clear. We'll roll you in every mud puddle in Ooo until we find the one that will restore your powers!'

'That's nuts, man,' said Jake. 'You got any idea how many mud puddles are in the land of Ooo? Four? Maybe even five?'

'Jake, come on,' Finn encouraged his friend. 'We've always been lucky, buddy. Maybe the first mud puddle we find will be the right one.'

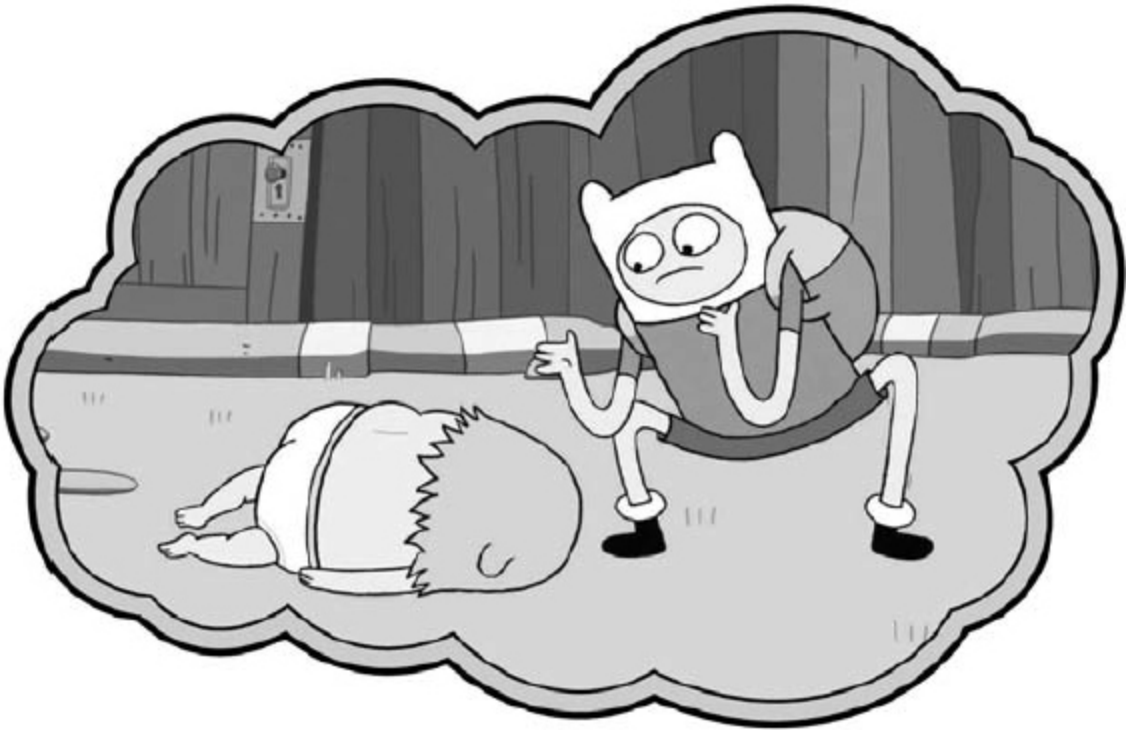
'Nonsense,' Jake replied. 'But I like it!'

'THEN AWAY!' Finn called as he cartwheeled through the treehouse.

Finn jumped and flipped right out the treehouse window. He landed nimbly on his feet and looked up at his best buddy.

'YEAH! LET'S DO IT!' Jake agreed.

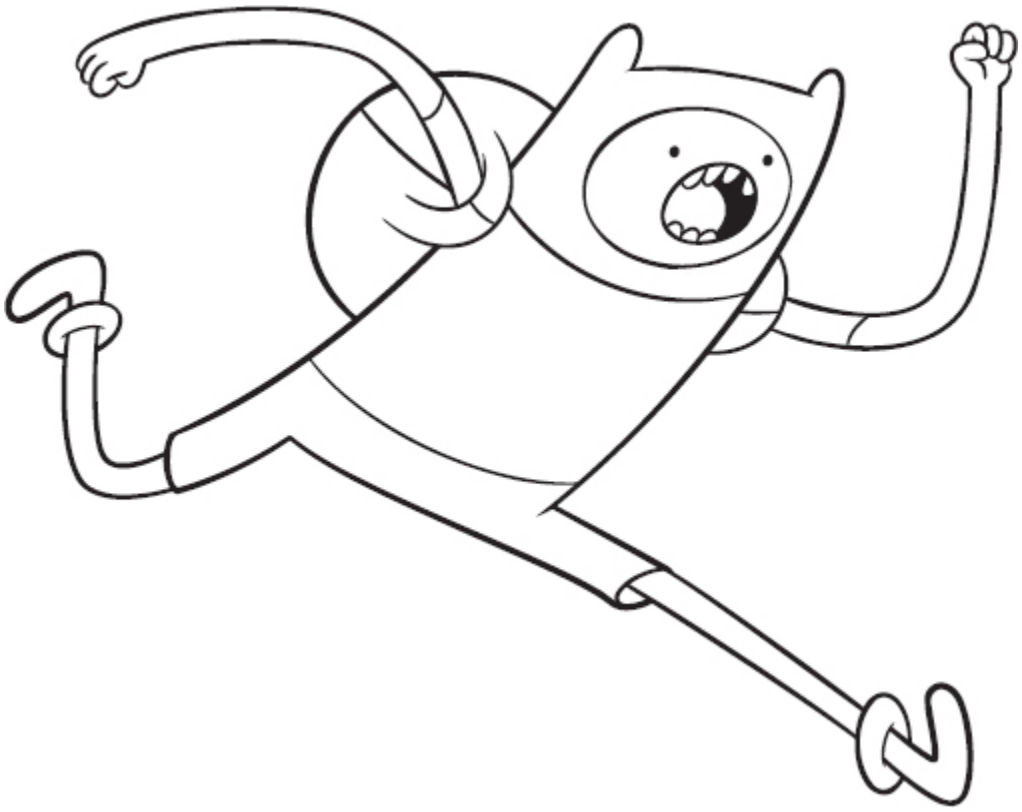
He jumped out of the window just like Finn. But Jake crashed and landed flat on his non-magical face.



'Oh, my gosh!' Finn cried when he saw his friend.

Jake groaned and rubbed his side.

'I forgot that I don't have magic powers anymore,' he confessed.'How do we search for the mud without my powers?'



‘We run!’ Finn replied. ‘Run like energetic little boys!’

‘This whole time, I thought running was some sort of leg magic,’ Jake admitted.

Finn raced off across the grassy meadow. Jake began to trot slowly, following in his path.

‘Look at me!’ Jake panted.‘I’m running!’

He covered just a short distance, though, before he was completely out of breath. He collapsed on the ground in a sweaty heap.

‘Oh, no,’ Jake gasped. ‘Running…is…evil.’

Finn ran back to his friend. He knelt down and offered to give him a helping hand.

‘Come on, lazybones,’ Finn said cheerily.

‘It’s too hard,’ Jake complained.

Finn thought about all the times Jake had carried Finn around. Maybe it was time to return the favour.

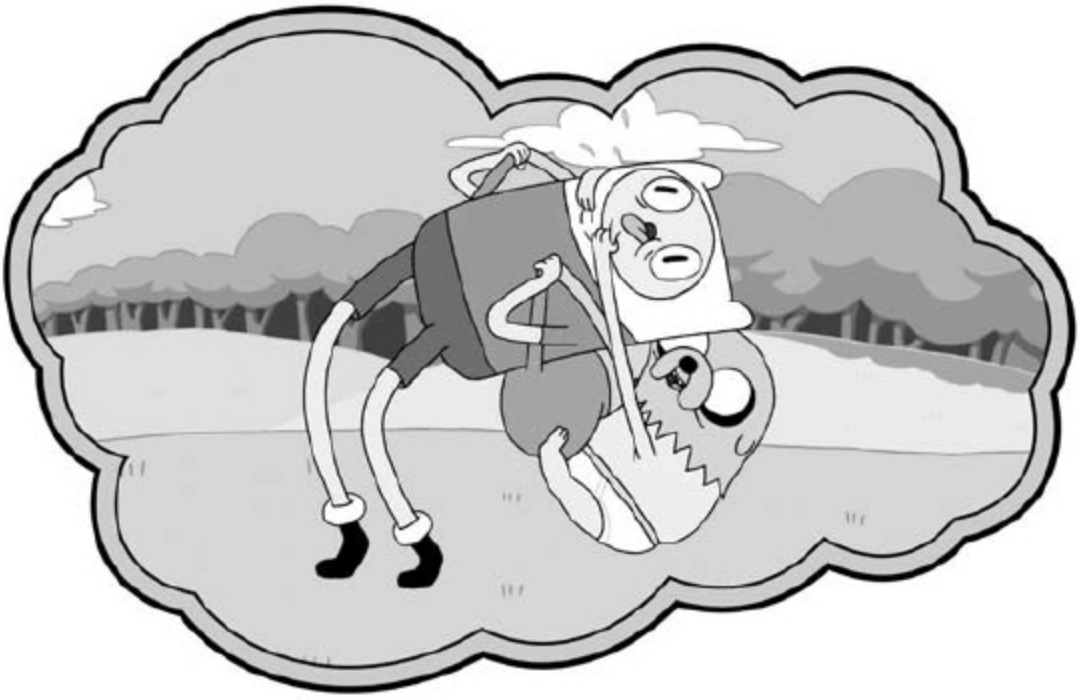
‘I guess you could ride on my backpack,’ Finn suggested.

‘I can’t reach,’ Jake groaned.

Finn bent down even further, and Jake wrapped his arms around Finn’s neck. He held on so tightly that Finn’s eyes bulged and he started to choke.

‘You good, Finn?’ Jake asked.

‘You’re strangling me a little is all,’ Finn grunted.



Muddy Waters

Finn ran and ran until he reached the River of Junk. There was every kind of trash imaginable flowing down its banks.

‘Look there!’ Jake said, pointing beyond the river. ‘Across the River of Junk, there’s an ideal mud puddle.’

Jake hopped off Finn’s back and got down on all fours.

‘I’ll stretch into a boat!’ he said eagerly.

He stretched left and right, straining himself this way and that. For a moment, he had forgotten that he no longer had magical powers. But it only took that moment to realise the truth. This body wasn’t shifting anywhere.

‘I’m starting to really miss that old magic of mine,’ Jake sighed.

‘We can swim this river easy,’ Finn said confidently.

Finn jumped on top of a trash bag and began to push his way across the moving pile of rubbish.

‘Come on, Jake!’ he called to his friend.

Jake looked at Finn and felt his muscles ache before he even attempted to swim across the garbage. This non-magical physical activity was getting

awfully tiring.

‘Man, that looks exhausting,’ he said to himself.

Little did Jake know that he was not just talking to himself, he was listening to himself, too! A vision of his subconscious self appeared in front of him, floating on a chair in the River of Junk.

Subconscious Jake had just been waiting for the opportunity to voice his opinion.

‘You’re right, Jake,’ Subconscious Jake agreed. ‘It is exhausting.’

‘What are you?’ Jake gasped.

‘I’m your subconscious!’ Subconscious Jake explained.

‘Okay,’ said Jake. ‘But what are you doing here?’

‘I’m here to tell you that what you’re feeling deep down inside is true.’

Subconscious Jake explained, ‘It is way too hard to swim across the river. It’s easier to wear a hat.’

Subconscious Jake grabbed a pink fedora from the chair he was now standing on.

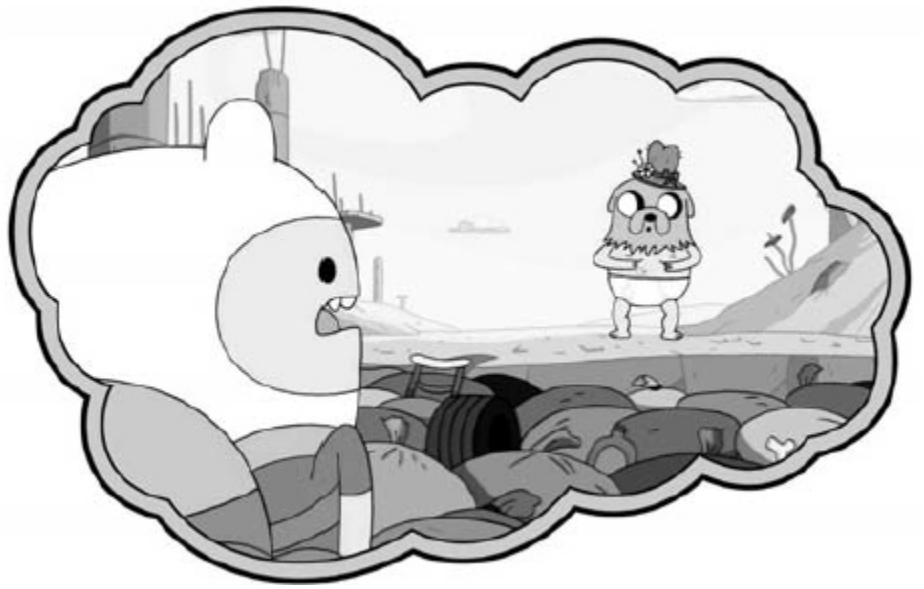
‘Here, have a hat,’ he said, offering it to Jake.

Jake chuckled and put the fedora on his head. He pointed at Subconscious Jake and his alter ego pointed right back at him.

‘Man, I’m glad I met you,’ said Jake.

Finn looked back and saw his friend talking to himself. He wondered what was keeping Jake. The mud puddle was so close. It could solve all their problems!

‘Jake, stop talking to yourself,’ Finn called. ‘Cross over already!’



‘Uh, I can’t swim that river, dude,’ Jake confessed. ‘My subconscious says it’s too hard. Check out this hat, though!’

‘What’s wrong with that guy?’ Finn grumbled to himself. ‘Then just wait for me there!’ he called to Jake.

Finn swam back across the river, picking up a board here and a garbage lid there. What he didn’t notice was the eye of a giant creature that popped open as he swam past.

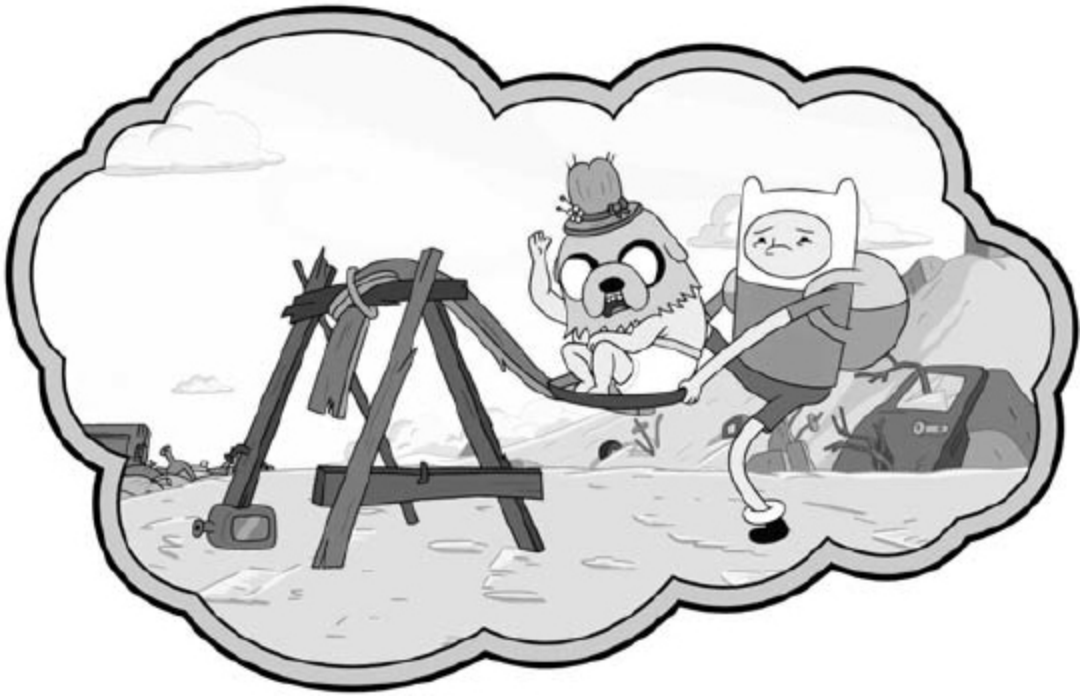
Finn climbed to shore and began putting together the trash he had gathered.

‘Whatcha working on, Finn?’ Jake asked.

‘Everything,’ Finn huffed.

‘Look at you! Doing stuff!’ Jake said, unaware of how annoying his laziness was becoming to his pal Finn.

Finn’s contraption was complete. He pulled back on the trash can lid, and Jake hopped onto it.



‘Oh, is it a chair?’ Jake asked.

Finn let go of the lid, and Jake was sent catapulting through the air.

‘Whoa!’ Jake yelled as he sailed toward the puddle.

SPLAT!

Jake landed in the middle of the mud. He rolled and let the cool muck cover his furless body.

‘Mudventure!’ Jake called to Finn.

‘Did it work?’ Finn asked.

‘Oh, yeah! I can feel this working,’ Jake answered. ‘In fact, you should roll in the mud with me, Finn. We can both be magic.’

‘Yeah!’ Finn shouted as he dived into the puddle alongside his canine companion.

Jake and Finn splashed and rolled around happily. Then Finn noticed something. The mud wasn't magical at all. Nothing had changed for either one of them!

'This isn't the right mud,' Jake admitted. 'I was just really hoping this was over and done.'

'Okay,' Finn sighed. 'Then let's just go find another mud puddle.'

Jake stretched out in the puddle and patted some mud on his chest.

'Actually, I'm feeling kind of chubbytired,' he said to Finn. 'Can't we do this tomorrow?'

Finn was exasperated. He was trying to help Jake, but Jake didn't even want to help himself!

'This is stupid!' Finn complained. 'Just go back to the witch and apologise and get your powers back.'

'NEVER!' said Jake. 'I'd rather be powerless forever than apologise. I'm lazy, but prideful.'

'You're not even trying, man!' Finn screamed. 'First, you won't run. And no matter what I…you just…'

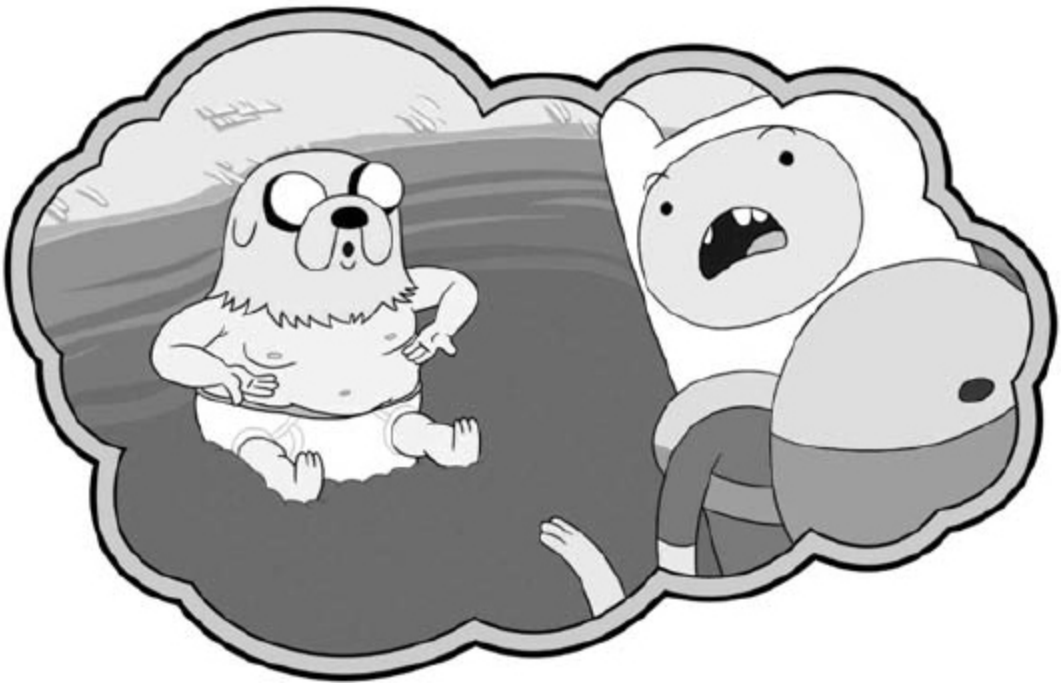
'Adventuring is just too much hard work for a bro without his powers,' Jake explained.

‘But you are an adventurer,’ Finn reminded him.

Neither of them noticed that the River of Junk was beginning to bulge and swell behind them.

‘Nah,’ Jake said. ‘From now on, I’m just your regular old dog. Ironic, given my current man-baby body.’

A dark shadow swallowed the light that was shining over the puddle. Jake and Finn turned and gasped. Jake didn’t have a decision to make now. He didn’t have to go looking for adventure. It was coming face to face with him right now!



The Not-So-Little Mermaid

Jake looked up and saw one of the ugliest faces he had ever seen. And he lived in the land of Ooo, so he had seen plenty of ugly faces before.

Mermaid Queen had a ghostly face surrounded by a cape of jet black hair that held her bony hands. Her tongue stretched out of her skeletal mouth like a viper waiting to strike. The rest of her body looked like a Halloween decoration.

‘Behold!’ the queen commanded. ‘The beautiful mermaid of the river!’

Finn sputtered in disgust.

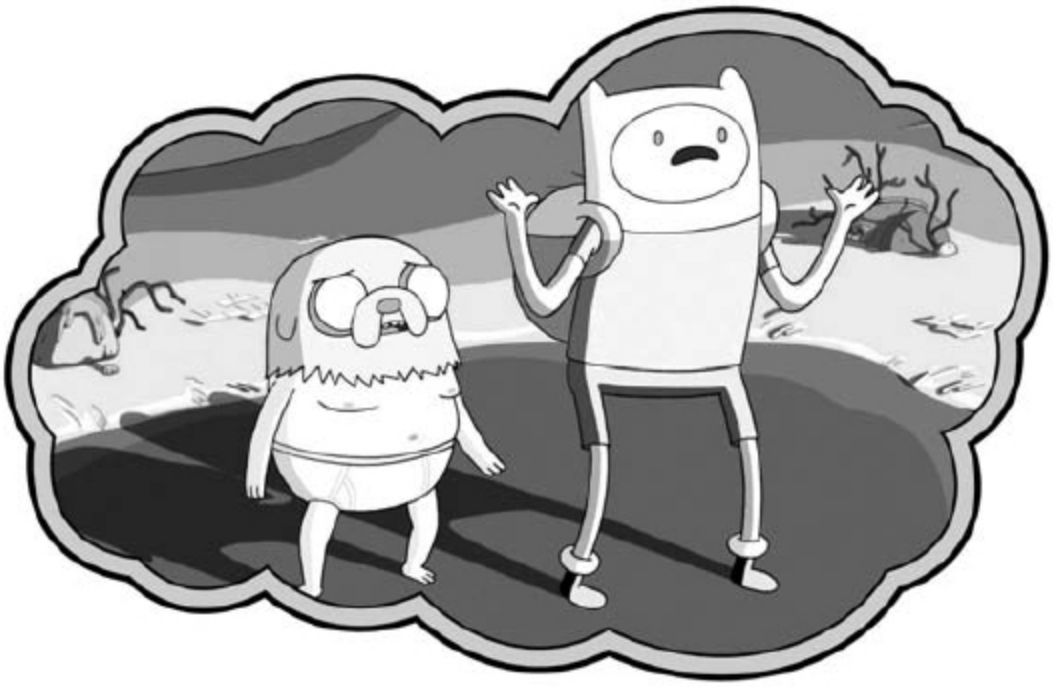
‘Which one of you mortals wants all this?’ Mermaid Queen asked.

‘Oh, um,’ Finn stuttered. ‘How do I say, “you’re the grossest thing that ever lived” without offending you?’

Mermaid Queen howled in rage. It was a sound more frightful than the most thunderous of storms or the cries of the banshees.

‘I’ll scare her off, Finn,’ Jake said courageously.

Jake started barking at the mermaid, but Finn had to push him out of the way when the queen launched a fireball at them.



‘How do we beat power like that?’ Finn wondered.

‘Finn, I’ve got an idea,’ Jake replied.

‘What is it, buddy?’ Finn asked.

‘Rub my belly,’ Jake said as he rested in the mud puddle. ‘Yeah, I’m one of those kinds of dogs.’

Finn ignored his lazy friend, picked up a stick, and charged at Mermaid Queen. She laughed and lifted her hands, sending fireballs in Finn’s direction.

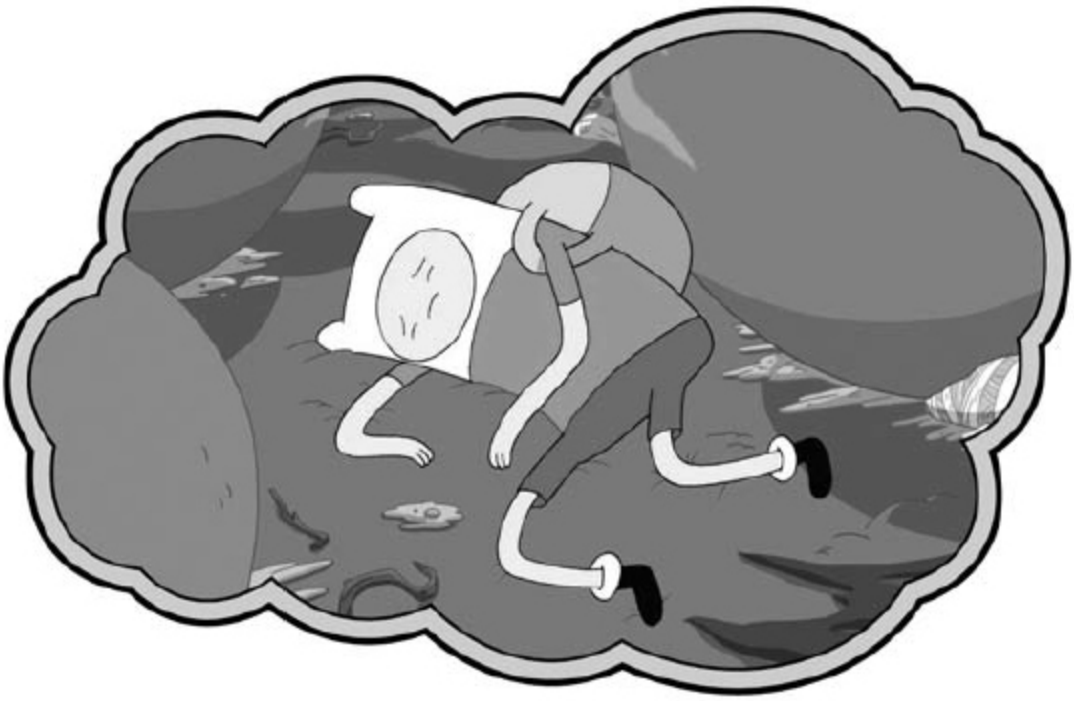
He dashed and ducked to avoid them. Then the queen opened her mouth and released a stream of sludge at Finn.

Jake watched from the mud puddle as Mermaid Queen picked up his sludgecovered friend in her mouth and lifted off into the air.

'Finn?' Jake gasped. 'Finn!'

He chased after the mermaid, who now looked like a monstrous blackbird. Even on human limbs, and without any magic, Jake was moving pretty fast.

'Come on, Finn,' Jake pleaded. 'You've got to save yourself! I'm just a dog!'



Mermaid Queen dropped Finn into a giant nest filled with large green eggs. Finn appeared to be completely knocked out.

‘Oh, geez,’ said Jake. ‘Okay, then I’m back on the team!’

Jake struggled and scratched as he attempted to climb the tree that was holding Mermaid Queen’s nest. He could hear the sound of her eggs beginning to hatch.

‘I’ll save you!’ he called to his friend. ‘Don’t worry!’

But without magic, Jake couldn’t make any progress advancing up the tree trunk.

‘Hey, Finn,’ he called. ‘Can you help me to get up there?’

The hatchlings were starting to emerge from their eggs. They snapped their sharp, pointed beaks in Finn’s direction. The mermaid babies were hungry. Time was running short.

‘Oh, if only I had my powers back,’ Jake moaned.

The voice of the witch came rushing back to him.

‘The only way I’ll give back your powers is…’ he remembered her saying.

‘I know. I know,’ Jake said. ‘I have to apologise to that witch.’

All Apologies

Jake returned to the witch's garden. He knew that the only way to rescue his friend was to say the magic words 'I'm sorry'.

'Witch! I need my powers back!' he called, squeezing through the iron bars of the garden gate. 'So I'm sorry. I'm so sorry I ate your doughnut!'

'Apology denied,' said the witch. 'You took too long. Now you have to apologise while doing a variety of humiliating things.'

Jake was about to deny the witch's request when his subconscious showed up and reminded him that it was the only way to save Finn.

Moments later, Jake was waltzing with Subconscious Jake.

‘I, Jake the dog, while slow dancing with my subconscious, with flowers in my underwear, do humbly apologise,’ Jake pledged.

‘Wait, wait,’ said the witch, grabbing her video camera. ‘Start over.’

‘You’re recording this?’ asked Jake. ‘No way! I have my dignity!’

‘Then guess what, cool guy? You can forget about getting your powers back,’ replied the witch. ‘Ever!’

Subconscious Jake began to cough and wheeze. He fell to the floor.

‘I’m dying, Jake,’ he gasped. ‘I’m the subconscious of your old magical self. Goodbye, Jake.’

‘No! No!’ Jake cried. ‘If only I were a humbler guy, my subconscious would be alive, and my best bud wouldn’t be trapped in a mermaid’s nest.’

‘Yes!’ said the witch. ‘I think you’ve learned your lesson. I forgive you.’

With a tap of the witch’s wand, Jake was restored to his magical self. Quick as a flash of enchanted smoke, Jake grabbed a doughnut and zipped off to the mermaid’s nest, carrying Subconscious Jake on his back. The witch thought Jake had learned his lesson, but she was wrong.

‘Honey, I’m back!’ Jake called to the mermaid. ‘How about a big kiss?’

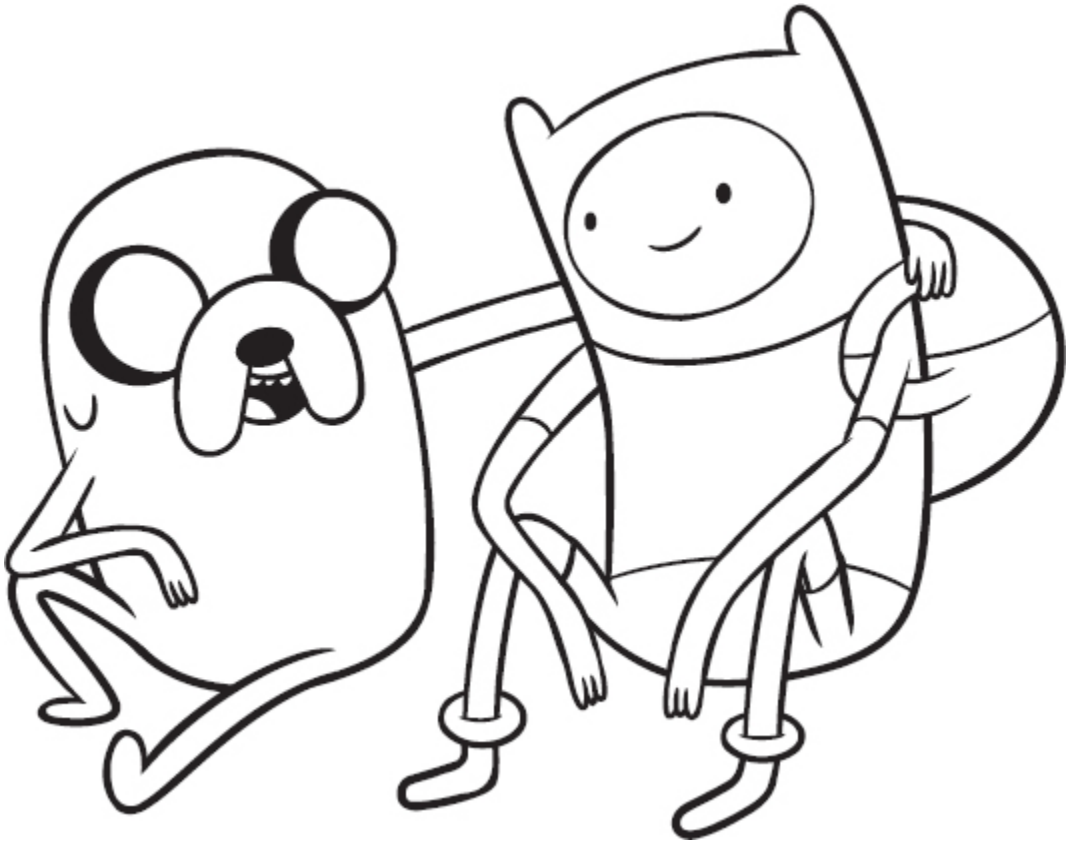
Jake puckered up and gave Mermaid Queen a smack on the lips so powerful that it sent her flying into the River of Junk. Then he turned to the hatchlings.

‘You guys are so cute I could just maul you to death,’ he cooed.

One by one, the hatchlings jumped from the nest.

‘Jake!’ Finn said as he hugged his best friend. ‘I never should have doubted you.’

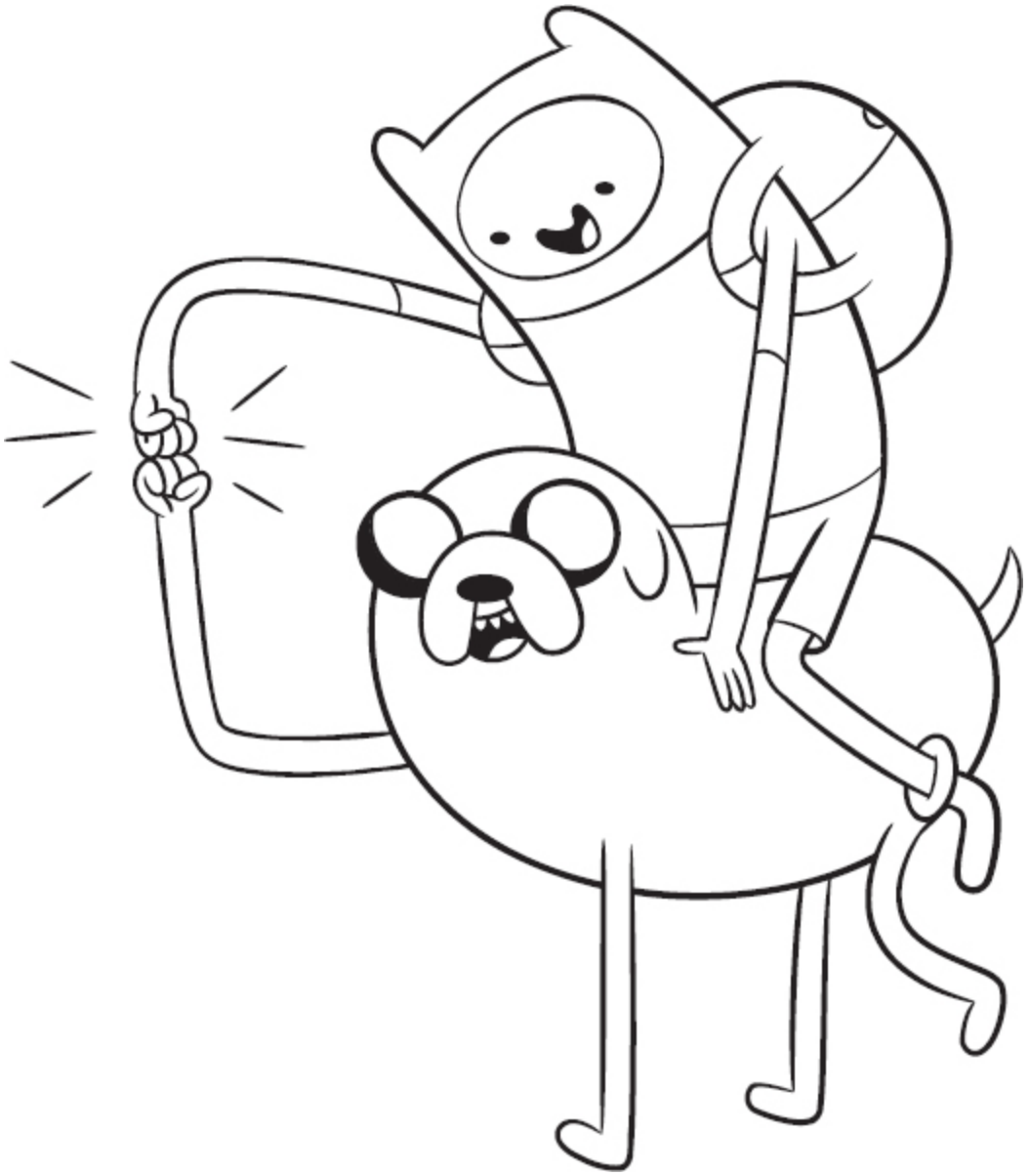
‘Well, I’m glad you learned your lesson,’ Jake replied. ‘In a crunch, there’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you.’

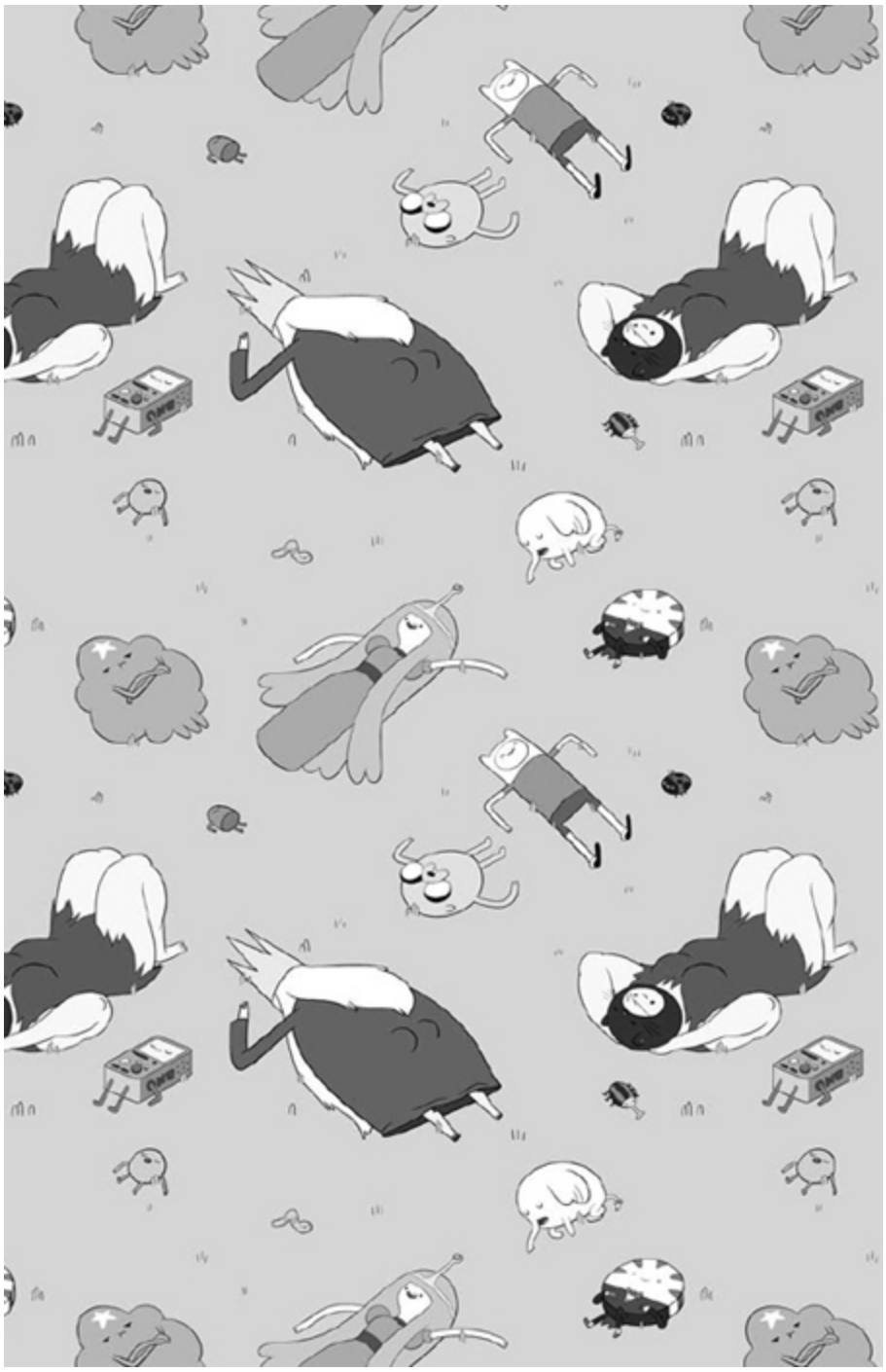


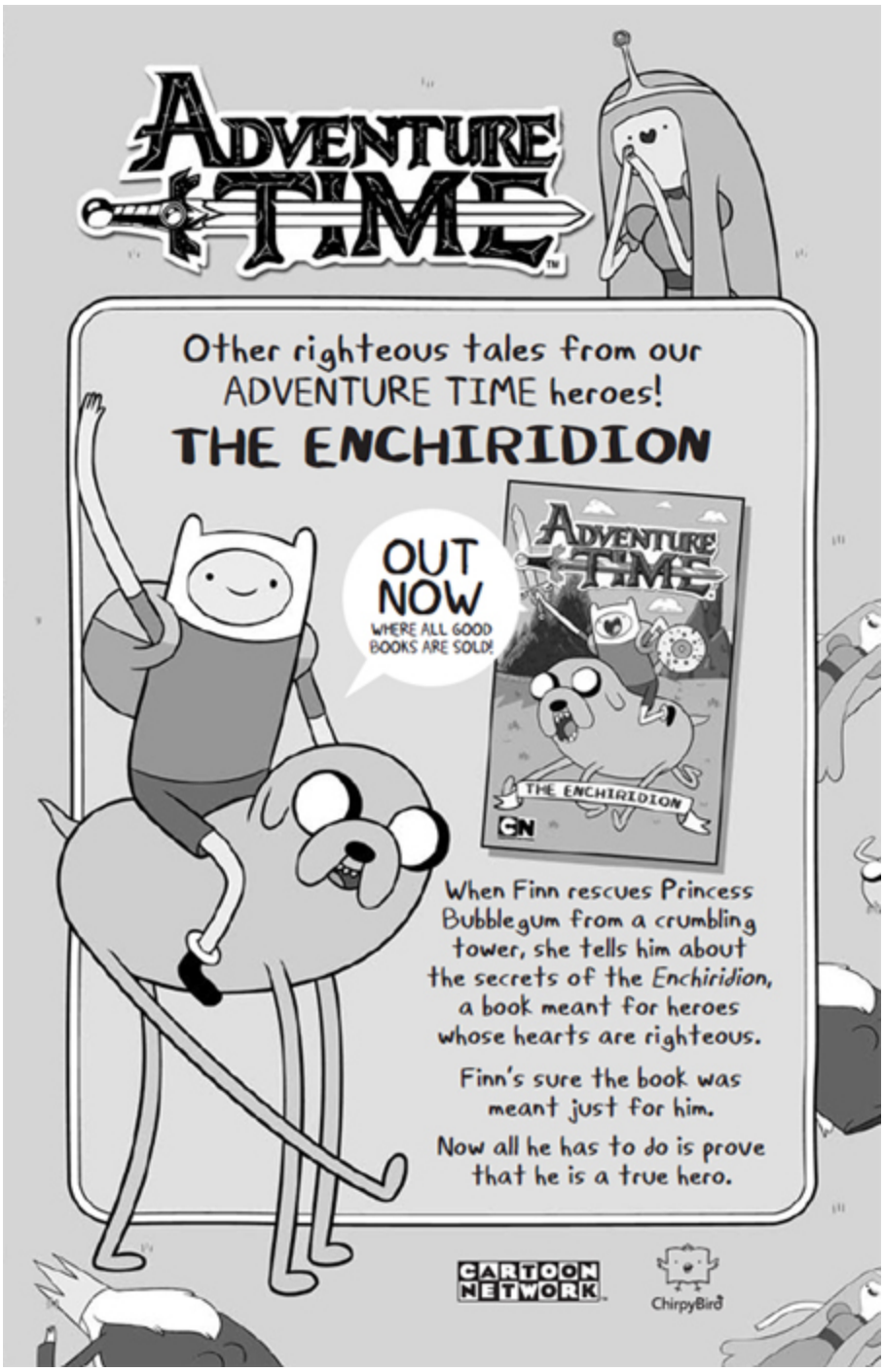
‘So that’s how you got your powers back?’ Finn asked. ‘You apologised to the witch?’

‘Um…no way,’ Jake stammered. ‘I mean…yeah. Uh, I don’t remember.’

Finn laughed and then rode his magical friend all the way back to the treehouse.



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